DIONYSUS.

So be it, O King! 'Tis mine to obey thine hest,
Whatever it be.

PENTHEUS

(after hesitating once more and waiting),

Well, I will go—
perchance
To march and scatter them with serried lance.
Perchance to take thy plan. . . . I know not yet.

[Exit PENTHEUS *into the Castle*

DIONYSUS.

Damsels, the lion walketh to the net!
He finds his Bacchae now, and sees and dies,
And pays for all his sin!—O Dionyse,
This is thine hour and thou not far away.
Grant us our vengeance!—First, O Master, stay
The course of reason in him, and instil
A foam of madness. Let his seeing will,
Which ne'er had stooped to put thy vesture on,
Be darkened, till the deed Is lightly done.
Grant likewise that he find through all his streets
Loud scorn, this man of wrath and bitter threats
That made Thebes tremble, led in woman's guise
I go to fold that robe of sacrifice
On Pentheus, that shall deck him to the dark,
His mother's gift!—So shall he learn and mark
God's true Son, Dionyse, in fulness God,
Most fearful, yet to man most soft of mood.

[Exit DIONYSUS, *following* PENTHEUS *into the Castle,*